The Mad Kaiser, page 1615.

Modern Life

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THE SHADOW.

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EDITORIAL NOTE.

At a moment when the sagest statesman, the most prudent business man or the cleverest journalist is unable, through lack of precedent upon which to base his calculations, to predict with any certainty the course of events even in the immediate future, we are unable to state exactly what will be the policy of this journal during the next few weeks. Now that panic has subsided in some degree—a panic largely caused by uncertainty—we imagine the workaday world will wag on much as usual. Sane and sensible people will pursue their daily round with as little interruption and disorganization as possible. They will assist the Government in its difficult task by abstaining from violent measures—from acting as if the end of the world were at hand.

As for ourselves we shall publish as usual, and we shall keep the journal as light as possible, for we do believe that human nature needs some relief from the gloom and strain which circumstances have thrust upon us. Some of our features—Finance and Assurance (which is omitted this week), Sport, Racing—will probably disappear temporarily, to be resuscitated with the dawn of happier times. These we shall replace temporarily with special articles dealing with phases of the great war—or with light amusing stories or sketches. Also it may be thought advisable—owing to suspension of advertisements and possible scarcity of paper—to reduce slightly the size of the journal—NOT the quantity of reading matter. With these exceptions we shall carry on as usual, due allowance being made for the fact that our staff has already been depleted by some of its members joining the colours.

The Editor.

ROYAL AND SOCIETY NEWS

Exclusive to "Modern Life."

A Suffragette Incident and the Trouble that Followed.

The indignation of Society at the outrages of the Suffragettes has had some amusing aspects, not the least of which is the anxiety of the Ladies Barclay not to be saddled in the Royal mind with the effort of one of them to present a petition to the King at St. James's Palace the other day. This person is, it is true, Lady Barclay "by rights," being the widow of an obscure baronet of that name. As the baronet died sixteen years ago, and nobody has troubled about the lady ever since, she has fallen prey to the Pankhurst Gang. All the other ladies of the name of Barclay are placed in danger of being permanently "cut" by the Royalties should the identity of the perpetrator of the insult not be accurately realised at Buckingham Palace. How intense is the annoyance of the *real* Barclays at the incident is shown by the fact that Baroness Berkeley, who has absolutely nothing to do with the Ladies Barclay, but whose name is pronounced as if it were Barclay, has written to the papers to say she was *not* the lady in the case!

* * *

The American Lady Barclay's Anxiety.

We are very pleased to be able to say that the "Lady Barclay" who was the cause of the trouble is no Englishwoman. She originally came from the Mauritius, and for many years she lived in Paris. Another Lady Barclay who is very frightened lest it be supposed that she was the perpetrator of the "incident" is the wife of Sir George Barclay, one of our prominent diplomats, and ex-Minister Plenipotentiary in Teheran. This Lady Barclay is worried about it because she is an American, and, as all the readers of this paper know quite well, the Dollar Princesses are not in high favour this season. Lady (George) Barclay was formerly Miss Beatrix Chapman of New York.

* * *

The Passing of an Historic Race.

Baroness Berkeley is a British peeress in her own right, but, like all the members of her family, she finds her clan in the twentieth century right behind in the social race. She is the twenty-first of her line, so that the Berkeleys have every right to "look up in the world," but they are almost a homeless lot nowadays; and the Earl of Berkeley, one of the Baroness's distant relations, is the most obscure "backwoodsman" in the peerage. For many years he has lived in a pleasant but suburban residence on Boar's Hill, near Oxford, and, being the last of his race, and without an heir to his ancient earldom in the world, he has given up the struggle against the ravages of Time and passes his days apart from men in almost hermit-like seclusion! I lived at Oxford for several years and never once clapped eyes upon his Lordship!

* * *

Will Baroness Beaumont Find Marriage a Lottery?

No such obscurity is allowed to our other lady peeresses. There is young Baroness Beaumont, for instance. In a few days they are marrying her to young Fitzalan Howard, who is Lord Howard of Glossop's eldest son, so that in due course the Beaumont peerage will be lost in that of Howard, which is, perhaps, as well. At the moment there are no less than four peeresses of the Beaumont family living. They are the widows of past Lords Beaumont, including the mother of the heiress, the present young Baroness. A sad accident made of Baroness Beaumont a peeress while she was an infant, and her "future" has been a source of keen interest to the Blue Bloods ever since. We trust her marriage will turn out all right, but the Howards of Glossop are not the most amiable of families to marry into.

* * *

Does the King Know Half His Peers?

As we have said, it is a good thing when a peerage ends. We often wonder whether the King ever gets a decent grasp of his liege nobles. The week has seen the death of Lord Belper, the descendant of a blacksmith who invented a weaving machine, or

something of the kind. The Strutts have got on in recent times, but they are "backwoodsmen" to most people. So are Lords Boston, Bolton, Lisle, Waterpark, Monck, Bandon, Cathcart, Hatherton, Bridport, Seaton, Clinton, Morley (the Earl, that is, *not* the Viscount), Morton, Deramore, Wynford, Loch, Southampton, Monson, Carew, Mostyn, Lurgan, Falkland, Gwydyr and Cairns. It must be a terrible job for the King and Queen to look as if they had known these people all their lives when one of them meets his Majesty—probably for the only time in his life. Some of these inconspicuous peers never *do* meet their Sovereigns, of course.

* * *

Why Lord St. Leonards has no Coat of Arms.

Lord St. Leonards, for instance, so far as we remember, has never chummed much with George Rex. Nor is he likely to, for a long time to come. Lord St. Leonards is one of our homeless bachelor peers, though he has plenty of time to repair the latter disability. The next bearer but one of the St. Leonards coronet, Arthur Sugden, has been getting into hot water of late, and his family can do without unnecessary worry. The St. Leonards family have too often been placed under a cloud by domestic disputes, and the judicial separations that have ended them. The first Lord St. Leonards was a lawyer who rose to be twice Lord Chancellor of Ireland, and once of England, something over sixty years ago, but he never troubled much about his new dignity, and to this day the family have not been granted a coat-of-arms by Heralds' College.

A Judicial Stiggins.

Mr. Justice-Ingle Joyce was never a particularly bright ornament of the Bench, but he has now stamped himself with his real hall-mark by his contemptuous dismissal of the Carpentier injunction motion on the strength of boxing exhibitions in music-halls being so "disgraceful" as to make it desirable for a judge to give assistance to nobody. With all respect, we venture to remind Mr. Justice Joyce that the "disgracefulness" or otherwise of boxing exhibitions has absolutely nothing to do with the question of whether a legal motion should be granted in a case or not. In regard to the motion in question, of course, we say nothing, but on the question of the judicial attitude we claim our right to be emphatic.

* * *

Judicial "Highbrows."

For some years past there have been promoted to the Bench a circle of gentlemen whose environment has entirely unfitted them to descend to the ordinary levels necessitated by the practice of the Law. One of these gentlemen is Lord Coleridge. Another is Sir Walter Phillimore. And there are others. These gentlemen are the sons of wealthy men; they were born in an atmosphere of classic refinement and culture; from birth they have breathed the air of officialdom; followed up by Eton, Cambridge, the Temple, and the Bench. Their whole outlook on life is what the Yankees aptly call "highbrow!"

He: "She looks younger every day."
She: "Every evening, anyway."

Tommy (to his uncle who has been put in charge with strict injunctions not to allow his nephew to damage his new suit): "Gimme a shilling, Uncle, or I'll lie down!"

Justice Joyce's Chief Distinction.

Lord Coleridge once began a summing up to a jury by telling them that it was impossible to divest one's mind of prejudice. He said that he himself was prejudiced, and that it was impossible for others not to be. Lord Coleridge is the son of that first Lord Coleridge who was once Lord Chief Justice of England. He never, therefore, knew "the people." Anything to do with them excites his unconscious contempt. So it is with Mr. Justice Joyce. It was he who wrested from Mr. Justice Kekewich the proud distinction of having had registered the greatest number of appeals against his judgments. For many years he was a Treasury "devil" on the Chancery side, and he was always regarded as a better judge of law than of evidence. His last dictum, that boxing exhibitions in music halls are disgraceful, supports this oft-expressed objection to him.

* * *

Harmless Stage Boxing.

Boxing exhibitions in music halls are in no sense "disgraceful." They are the gentlest and least objectionable form the "noble art" takes, for they are mere "exhibitions," and no damage is ever done—nor pretended to be. How a judge of Mr. Justice Joyce's age and experience could give tongue to so ridiculous a statement passes our comprehension. Nobody ever saw a blow delivered by a boxer on a music-hall stage that would blink an eye or raise a blush; and only a judge of the "highbrow" school could brand himself by so insane a remark. When we read these lofty pronunciamentos by present-day judges we yearn for men on the Bench like the late Lord Brampton (Sir Henry Hawkins) who figured in red at many a prize fight himself; loved a lark in a country lane; went to the races; and knew life not from the point of view of a Stiggins or a Chadband, but from rubbing shoulders from boyhood with all sorts and conditions of men.

* * *

High-toned Chancery Lawyers.

Chancery lawyers are as immune from contact with "the people" as deans and archbishops are. From the day they enter the Temple they are concerned with the finances of the rich; and their whole lives are passed in an atmosphere which unfits them for exercising the functions of a judge, where the lives and pastimes of the "lower orders" are concerned. For ourselves, we have witnessed many a grand tussle in our Oxford days, and what is permissible in the gymnasium at Oxford is permissible at the music-halls. Mr. Justice Joyce seems never to have forgotten that he was once a Cambridge wrangler. The public have forgotten it, however, and they expect him, while he draws the emoluments of his office, to exercise it as becomes a man of the world and not as a solitary philosopher of Cambridge, who "sports his oak" and finds inspiration only alone with his books.

What's wrong with the Westminsters.

There has always been a certain amount of speculation about the why and the wherefore of the domestic worries of the Duke and Duchess of Westminster, and the public has long age made up its mind that the cause of the friction was instability on the part of his Grace. We are in a position to state that this is not the case. Whatever differences their Graces may have, they are not all due to the Duke. There is no doubt he was, and is, in love with his wife, but being "in love" with a woman invariably makes her petulant and difficult to manage. In any case, we are able to state that the Duke has the sympathy of the Royalties, and when Queen Mary's sympathies are aroused, you may be sure they are not misplaced. Anyway, her Majesty went round to Grosvenor House three weeks ago and spent an hour there with the Duke inspecting the works of Rodin, the French sculptor. The Queen took Princess Mary with her, and had quite a long chat with the Duke and his mother, Lady Grosvenor, and if there was anything seriously wrong with the conduct of his Grace, the Queen wouldn't be seen at Grosvenor House in a hurry!

* * *

Duke's Daughters "in Chancery."

Nowadays they say "money talks." But sometimes money can stop a lot of talking. The appearance in the Chancery Court of little Lady Ursula Grosvenor and her sister might have proved a *cause celebre* had there been no reason for hearing the case in camera. That, however, was done, and nobody is supposed to know anything about it. The idea of the rich Duke of Westminster's daughters being "in Chancery" is rather funny; though the struggle between the Duke and his Duchess over the custody of the children isn't funny at all. As everybody knows, the Duke and his wife meet only once a year—at their big crush at Grosvenor House, when all the world goes to see the pretty farce of "keeping up appearances" in a completely divided household.

* * *

Duke Sighing for the Companionship of his Bairns.

The division doesn't seem to trouble either of them, as a matter of fact. The only thing that *does* trouble them both are the little daughters, who spend most of their time at Eaton Hall, and the Duke misses them immensely. They go occasionally to Grosvenor House, so that they shall not have to be re-introduced one day to their father; but the Duke has a tender heart for his bairns and wants more of their society. It was a terrible grief to the Duke when his one little son, Earl Grosvenor, died. It was noticed at the christening at the Chapel Royal, when King Edward stood godfather to the child, that the Duke could scarcely take his eyes off his little son.

* * *

Boar that took Five Hours to Despatch.

There is no probability of the Dukedom of Westminster disappearing, however, and the Duke's next heir is that romantic Lord Arthur Grosvenor who goes about in a gipsy-van with his wife and revels in the "simple life" of the green lanes of England. Lord Arthur and his nephew the Duke are the best of friends, however, and the Duke has his uncle often staying with him in France, where they both get first-rate sport with the boars which, by the way, require a lot of killing sometimes. One of them kept Lord Arthur and the Duke "hard at it" for five hours before it could be despatched. The Duke has a private pack of hounds all to himself, and the pack is hunted by Champion, who was huntsman to the Duke when he was Master of the Cheshire Hounds.

People we shall never miss.

A LEAVE-TAKING.

She listened intently for a moment, her heart beating, beating. . . . He had gone.

She called his name once or twice to the listless leaves and hedges; a homing bird flew by her and vanished as he had done. And then a great fear possessed her. Perhaps he might kill himself, perhaps he might be sad and lonely now that she had sent him away. Dark banks of cloud roned above, presaging heavy rains; the air was chilly and silent, no one approached along the silent road. . . . She was alone.

Oh, she had sent him away for ever this time. Offended him deeply and irreparably, hurt his vanity and his self-love, and let him think that she was heartless and did not care for him. Had she been mad?

She slowly went her way back to the house, and her mother was cross because she had forgotten to feed the parrot and change the water in the goldfish globe.

The cook jerked into the morning-room to tell her that she had forgotten to order the artichokes and the soap-powder, and that they would not have enough vermicelli to last over the week-end.

Her father wanted a button sewn on his spats, and then her mother remembered that she had never had her medicine after lunch.

The housemaid came to tell her that as she had left the drawing-room window open when she went out, the wind had blown the curtain back and knocked over and smashed the big china vase.

She didn't care.

He had gone.

After dinner she played all the funeral marches she knew—two. She wished she knew more.

Her father intruded into the drawing-room and wanted to sing "Tom Bowling," which the pug-dog disliked immensely.

The Vicar and old Major Bodger called and wrangled teetotally over the affairs of the nation. Her mother got a new crochet pattern into a mess, and made her try to get the middle bit right.

She hated the night, the rain, everyone, even the parrot and the dog. The whole world seemed soulless.

He might never come back to her again!

She sobbed over her bedroom candle, and then locked her bedroom door, and rushed to kiss his portrait. It was very like him; she wished she had been politer to him. She felt that she would never be able to sleep.

She cried for five minutes.

Then her mother came to borrow her face-cream, and her father to borrow her watch, as he had smashed his while bolting the door.

She hated everyone more and more.

Then she drew her writing-case towards her and began to write to him, telling him to call for her as usual to-morrow—she could not cycle alone through the well-remembered roads. When the letter was written she put on her macintosh and crept through the house in the darkness.

She ran all the way to the post-office, and when she got there—bumped into someone.

"Vicky!" he cried.

Vicky let her letter fall into the box.

"Stanley!" she exclaimed tragically.

He put his arm over her shoulders.

"I've just posted a letter to you, darling. You didn't mean what you said to-day, I know."

Vicky wept a little.

"Of course I didn't. I've just posted a letter to you, telling you to call for me as usual to-morrow."

Stanley's mackintosh drew closer to hers.

"My own precious darling diddums!"

"Dear, dear Stanley!" she murmured.

They kissed each other beside the letter-box containing their mutual apologies, with the rain running down their necks. He then saw her home. It wasn't a wet evening to them any more—nor was it dark. Love was everywhere . . . there was sunshine in their hearts.

When she entered the house by the window, she found her father brandishing a poker and a candle.

"What the devil do you mean, Miss, by going out in the middle of the night and leaving the windows open? We might have been robbed and murdered!"

"Dear father," she said sweetly, "I only went out to post a letter."

Her mother joined them. Her father flung down the poker.

"Here she is," he said; "been out in all the rain to post a letter. The girl is mad like all your family."

While her father and mother were quarrelling, Vicky escaped to bed. She slept with Stanley's portrait in her arms, and awoke to kiss it.

Calf love à la 1914. What, what!

C. N.

"George has all the qualities that go to make a good husband—except one."
"What's that?"
"He wont propose."

WHO, WHY, WHEN AND WHERE.

LITTLE QUESTIONS FOR PROMINENT PEOPLE.

How many cigars had the uninvited guest in Grosvenor Square appropriated before he was requested to leave?

* * *

Who is the Duchess who has just fixed up a contract for the publication of some very illuminating memoirs?

* * *

What is the address of the West End chemist who does so large a business in drugs which cannot be obtained in the ordinary way?

* * *

Will not a very interesting Society breach of promise case in which a young officer is plaintiff provide some copy for the papers?

* * *

Have the police yet tracked the woman in red who stood for two days outside Victoria Station?

* * *

Are not several daily and evening papers being badly "hit" by the expenses of the war?

* * *

Did the titled occupant of the Mayfair mansion enjoy the visit from the bailiffs?

* * *

If the military band at Blackheath "meant anything" by playing "Good-bye, summer" while Kent were piling up their big score against Surrey?

* * *

Should our children fish for "tiddlers" in the park?

* * *

Whether the *Times* enjoys its new position as leader of the yellow reptile Press?

* * *

Which is the daily paper which is connected with an action for damages for the abduction of a girl?

* * *

How did the male militant manage to get into the House of Commons lobby, and why was it all hushed up?

* * *

Who is the peer who is about to file his petition in bankruptcy?

Hubby: "Rather smart girl, that!"
Wife: "Silly! It's Miss Vere. You know her well enough."
Hubby: "Well, my dear, she has so many clothes on. I've never seen her before except in evening dress."

Do the Government intend to take action against the *Daily Mirror* for repeatedly ignoring the official request concerning non-publication of news relating to naval and military movements, and for publishing pictures which might afford valuable information to a potential enemy?

* * *

If the authoress of "Tante" objects to Haddon Chambers changing the title of his Haymarket adaptation of her novel to "An Impossible Woman"?

* * *

If one of the worst cases of "want of patriotism" in buying up food for "siege" purposes occurred in the family of a dramatist not 100 miles from Regent's Park?

* * *

Which of our eminent lady novelists pays her secretary a salary of four shillings a week?

* * *

Whether the two constables perpetually on guard outside John Burns's house on Clapham Common have been heard to complain that theirs is a "dry job"?

* * *

If Queen Alexandra has decided to publish another book of snapshots, among which will figure some very amusing and unconventional ones taken during her recent visit to Scotland?

* * *

And if Princess Arthur of Connaught has especially requested that a certain one of herself should be excluded from the collection?

* * *

The identity of the pretty little flapper who is to be seen so often driving upon Sir Gerald Hanson's coach between Folkestone and Canterbury?

* * *

Why a very beautiful, antique silver dinner service of great value, until recently in the possession of an old titled family, is now being offered for sale in a Bond Street jeweller's?

* * *

The identity of the precocious young journalist who had such an amusing passage of arms with Lord Alverstone at Brighton the other day?

LIVELY LITTLE LEADERS.

WAR!

John Bright said in one of the most famous of his speeches, "I believe that half the people who talk about war have not the slightest idea what it means." And the great tribune never made a truer statement than that, and never made a greater speech than the one from which I have quoted—the speech in which he denounced the iniquities of the Crimean War, when half England was clamouring for battle against the Russians. On which occasion John Bright, as all students of history admit to-day, was on the right side. The Crimean War proved to be one of the greatest errors of British statesmanship, one of the greatest follies of a panic-stricken people. It made us for long, long years wary of engaging ourselves in the broils of Europe, and, as some are fond of putting it, by the mercy of Providence that great disaster of the middle of the nineteenth century taught England a lesson that stood her in good stead for long periods during which Europe, or parts of Europe, were engaged in the fierce lust for blood and territory that in the past century did so much to destroy the reputation of civilized peoples for intellectual enlightenment and moral culture.

But although it is true that the magnificent orations of John Bright against war might well be read by all of us to-day with care and a proper amount of humiliation, in order that we might get the terrors and horrors of war once more implanted in our souls at a time when England and the Empire seem to be on the verge of a war by the side of which the Crimean was, it may be, a mere fleabite, it would be the greatest mistake in the world to let John Bright speeches frighten us at this great moment in our history. As I write, the British fleet has been mobilized and it looks as if Mr. Asquith and his Government had burnt their boats and were in for it at all costs. It is well, therefore, for us to remember that, although we made fools of ourselves over the Crimean War and (perhaps) over the South African war, history does not show that it is the inevitable custom of English statesmanship to make a fool of itself at crucial moments. In a word, it seems to me that at the present moment we are in some danger of being too much worried, so to put it, by some of our great disasters of the past. We are, perhaps, in danger of giving too much attention even to a great orator like John Bright or a great modern thinker like Norman Angell. We are liable at this terrible moment of decision or indecision to overdo things on the side of peace, even as in the disastrous wars to which I have referred we overdid things on the side of battle and blood. I read in the papers, and great papers like the *Manchester Guardian* too, that England has but one duty at the present moment—to keep out of it all. But surely it is pretty evident that if we do that we shall be false to every instinct of honour and self-preservation, and even John Bright in his most glowing moments would not have preached that. I loathe war as everybody must loathe it who has seen it. I can imagine nothing so serious to the future of England and the Empire as that we should stake our very existence upon the clash of European arms. But although it is true that those who have seen war know only too well its hellish traits and bloody strife, although it is true that we should think twice before finally rushing in and staking our all, it is well for us to remember at the present time an even greater truth than that. One can loathe Jingoism and all the flag and banner waving that in the past has proved so disastrous to England at certain periods of her history, and yet feel that so long as human nature is what it is there are times when the sword must be drawn and even pushed right up to the hilt in the blood of men, whatever the risk and whatever the sorrow. And such a time, I deeply regret to say, seems to me to be upon us to-day. We do not know, of course, in detail what agreements we have with France and Russia; but looking at the matter as an ordinary man of the world and judging things by the ordinary light of day, it certainly seems to me that England can no more leave France in the lurch to-day than the Orange Free State could leave the Transvaal at the time of the great Boer War. If all the talk and leading articles of the past few years about the *entente cordiale* have not been the merest moonshine we are tied to France in this matter. And it is simply unthinkable that we can do aught else to-day than gird up our loins and go right into the fray, whatever the risk of blood and gold, even though that risk may involve the existence of the Empire itself. The old school motto, "Nothing attempted, nothing done," may well be remembered by us in this hour of peril, and if it is recollected and acted upon by Englishmen, as I make no doubt it will be, it may be that our sons and grandsons will with humility and pride thank the gods that even in the decadent days of the early twentieth century their fathers refused to cry peace when there was no peace, and staked their all and won through in the true spirit of British history.

And if there is one thing more than another which has enabled me, at any rate, to come to an easy decision at the present time, it is the fact that the day-by-day records of our newspapers show only too well that behind all this business is the long-delayed determination of Germany to cut out the British Empire once and for all, or fail in the attempt. Germany has been biding her time for long years. And every single incident since the heir to the Austrian throne was assassinated in Servia goes to show that Germany has at last come to the conclusion that she can safely throw down the sign of battle, both to France and England. She has been watching France, knowing well that France would never rest till Alsace-Lorraine was once more hers. She has been watching England till, with the Irish trouble apparently in an inextricable maze, she thought that the hour had arrived to strike. She has, from the very moment when war between Austria and Servia became probable, hypocritically preached peace and surreptitiously prepared by night and by day for the war which she and Austria have engineered all along. And in the crossing of the French frontier before war was declared with France, before the German Ambassador had left Paris, and in the breaking of the Luxemburg treaty, Germany has finally put the cap on the wretched policy of militarism which she has long pursued with the object, not, as she has said, of getting a place in the sun, but with the object of destroying the hated France and the greatest Empire that the world has ever seen. To such black militarism we of England can only make one reply. It would be an insult to English readers to say what it is.

JONATHAN GRUB STRETE.

MORE OR LESS.

Love—and What Then.

Just as straws show which way the wind blows, so do the little things of life indicate the big ones. Just now, looking from my window, I saw an instance of this. Beneath the tall poplar trees fringing the open field of dusty green before me, upon one of the iron benches kindly presented to us out of our own money by the L.C.C., a man and a maid were sitting, arms entwined. Her head drooped upon his shoulder. I am sure he was whispering in her ear all the fond foolish things he wouldn't dream of putting on paper for fear of a breach of promise action. It was all quite idyllic and peaceful. Even the sparrows took a sun-bath and forbore to quarrel. Suddenly, round the quiet square, breaking upon the silence like the shrill call of a trumpet to arms, came the strident voice of a paper-boy. Something about the war, he called; I forget for the moment what. The young man upon the bench jumped to his feet, and as he jumped it was as if he struck love from him. Impatiently he pushed the woman from him as she pressed nearer him to read the news in the paper he bought. His eyes were cold as they rested upon her in answer to some question she put. Love was a dream that was past. Here, on the printed page before him, was reality. Kisses are butterfly fare at best. Here before him was the strong meat and drink of a man's life. It takes a wise woman to understand that her part in a man's life is often to stand aside.

Women and Brutes.

I remember reading once about a very young girl who was young enough to say, "It is a delightful idea that I have it in my power to make a man's happiness." "And how little worth loving he will then seem to you, for the very reason that you, a woman, can make his happiness," the cynic who overheard her made answer. And I suppose to a large extent this is true. Women don't love the men who make them happy, they love the men who make them miserable. They are faithful to the brute who deserts and ill-treats them and throw the virtues of the domesticated masculine angel on the mat in his face. The man who treats a woman like a beleaguered fortress and makes it his business to hold her only until she surrenders will always be the man over whom women will tumble in their efforts to secure him for their own. They never will for longer than five minutes, but he will assure them that that five minutes is better than fifty years, and they will believe him. Women will swallow anything where either their vanity or their love is concerned.

The Patient Lovers.

I hear that in some rural district not a hundred miles from London, various engaged young couples are waiting with what patience they may for a house to fall vacant or be built, so that they may be married. The State, it seems, is in no hurry to rush its young people into matrimony, else surely the voice of the jerry-builder would be heard in the land, in the ears of the waiting young couples sounding sweeter than the coo of any turtle dove. In France, of course, you can never get house-room if, besides being married, you have committed the indiscretion of having children as well. Here, we are taking time by the forelock, as it were. It seems rather hard upon the parents and friends of those unfortunates whom the lack of adequate accommodation will probably for ever put asunder unless they move to another district. Everybody who has ever been through it knows what a nuisance lovers are about the place.

Colour and Indiscretion.

Some of the fairy ones who have no use for the virtues of publicity, so far as their own private doings are concerned, will be delighted to hear that in future all their little indiscretions may be put down to the colours with which they happen to be surrounded. Colour, it seems, has a great effect on character. Different colours affect different people different ways, although I should think myself that purple and green on a white background is a combination of colour strong enough to send the sanest person stark staring mad. A white room, upholstered in rose, might work a startling change in the prosaic thoughts of an old maid; a dull grey background, lavender striped, might turn the desire of a musical comedy actress to a nunnery, while a choice scheme of scarlet and gold might make the stay-at-home girl demand her liberty and her latch-key.

Prickly Halos.

When you come to think of it, a woman while the last thing on earth to be civilised is always the first to demand the full benefit of civilisation. The other night I saw a woman just outside a public-house taunt and nag a man till, moved at last to desperation by her gibes, he turned and hit her. Then, at once, not content with summoning all the loiterers near to help in her defence, she shrilly impounded a reluctant policeman. Women have no idea of playing the game. They break the rules all the time. Their one idea is to get even without bothering much about their method of getting there. Oh! yes, I know we hear a lot about self-sacrifice and self-abnegation, and other fine words like that, but there's not a man living whose wife has done any of that for him who wouldn't sooner be dead. The forgiving woman is not a forgetting one. That's the trouble. Her halo is full of prickles, and no man can love a hedge-hog. It would be too uncomfortable.

LOUISE HEILGERS.

PRUDENCE.

He: "I wonder if I am daring too much in asking you to share my lot."
She: "Er—no. Not if it really is a lot."

BY THE WAY.

Camp stories are invariably amusing. This one, which came to us from Mytchett and has to do with the Prince of Wales and his recent holiday "under canvas," is not an exception. One day, after a strenuous "engagement" in the broiling sun the Prince was seated upon the grass before his tent hungrily devouring cake and cherries alternately from a plate which he held in his hand. He looked the picture of health and contentment and was certainly enjoying himself immensely. "This year, next year, some time, never, this year, *next year!*" came a sudden voice over his shoulder, and with a blush the Prince's eyes fell to the cherry stones on his plate. Curiously enough a moment later three of them had surreptitiously disappeared. Who says that a prince isn't human?

* * *

A Scotch clergyman's wife has just had a small shock. The bazaar idea of raising money being worked out, she hit upon an ingenious method of raising the wind. She called upon some of the poorer women-workers of her husband's flock and left with each of them a shilling in trust, which they could develop as they chose by some means of trade for six months. At the end of the time she called again, and found that her plan had turned out a great success, most of the women having got in a stock of wool with the shilling, knitting vests and socks and selling them, and by utilising the capital were able to hand over to her the original sum twentyfold. One beaming old dame, however, handed over £5 10s., and the parson's wife asked admiringly how she had done it. "Oh," came the chirpy reply, "ma man puts a bit on for me noo an' agin; but Aw wis always a lucky yin!" The visitor left with the £5 10s. and a swimming head, but she has not told her husband yet; and, indeed, she has given the old dame 5s. this time to develop in the next six months.

* * *

At times such as this it is of course essential that the King should be kept informed of all the latest happenings both at home and abroad. Quite an elaborate plan has been devised to ensure that his Majesty shall be absolutely *au fait* with the war news. First he has the unrivalled news service of the Foreign Office at his disposal. Now that the Government have charge of the wireless installation it follows that things are known in Whitehall long before they get into the stop press columns of the evening papers. They are at once communicated to Buckingham Palace by telephone or special messenger. All the newspapers find their way into the King's study in order that our monarch may read the leading articles, and so ascertain the opinion of those who are—sad to say—very often much better able to form a good judgment than are some of the Cabinet Ministers.

* * *

There is yet another source of news at the disposal of the occupant of the now glistening building at the end of the Mall. In a room near the King's apartments is a tape machine connected with one of the principal news agencies. The "tape" is affixed to slips of paper which are usually submitted to Lord Stamfordham, who, if necessary, places them before his Majesty. But in these anxious days, while the crowds are cheering outside, a solitary, care-worn figure often stands for many minutes at a time and watches sadly the little inked wheel tap out its message of the doings of the forces controlled by his relative the Kaiser.

* * *

The pension of £666 13s. 4d. to Mr. Edmund Gosse, C.B.—we presume the 13s. 4d. is to buy himself a drink with—won't be cavilled at by many. His services as librarian to the House of Lords, translater to the Board of Trade, and assistant-librarian at the British Museum have marked him out as one of the most distinguished men of his time—not to mention his many

She: "Whatever made you go in for such an expensive car?"
He (sarcastically): "You see, I won this motor coat in a raffle, and I had to get something to go with it."

books and services to general literature. Mr. Gosse married a daughter of the late Dr. Epps, of cocoa fame.

* * *

Hilaire Belloc is about to start a lecture tour in U.S.A., where they say they hope to get Gilbert Chesterton to lecture soon. Mr. Belloc's subjects will include such topical ones as "The Retreat from Moscow," "Great Battlefields," "The Strategies of Europe" and "The Servile State." It is not widely known that Mr. Belloc, who took high honours at Oxford (he is a Balliol man), served for a while as a driver in the 8th French Artillery at Meurthe-et-Moselle.

* * *

Everybody is talking about Lord Kitchener now and wondering what the Sphinx is going to do next. The person least concerned about the matter is probably K. of K. himself. The famous Field Marshal is a disciplinarian in every sense of the word. He exacts the strictest obedience from his subordinates, and never for one moment questions the decision of his chiefs—usually the Cabinet. He is the most difficult person to "interview" that I ever met. All the wiles of the most experienced journalist will not "draw him," and on such an occasion the only word he seems to know is "No."

* * *

Not long ago a certain pressman set out to "interview" Kitchener, who had just arrived at Portsmouth. The journalist approached him rather jauntily and commenced somewhat pompously: "I, my Lord, represent the 'Daily ——'". "Do you re-ally? drawled Kitchener, as he quickened his step. Had the interviewer persisted, Kitchener would have been just the man to call the police.

* * *

Red tape is still in great demand at the War Office, and quite a shudder goes round the department when they hear that Kitchener is coming. He won't stand that sort of thing at any price—doesn't believe in filling-in an elaborate requisition form in order to obtain a lead pencil. The other day an Army officer married. He was entitled to a house, which he at length obtained from the authorities. The house was badly in need of paint and paper, so he suggested that the War Office should set the decorators at work. But, oh dear, no! The painting was due next year, and out of all the millions they possessed they could not find the money to anticipate the date. Mrs. Officer protested, and eventually her husband had the whole place done up at considerable expense to himself. Many a long day the loving couple spent in choosing the pretty shades for the drawing-room paper and the bathroom ceiling. Next year arrived, and one day some men called at the house. "We have come to paint and paper," they said. Hubby and wife protested that that had already been done. "Very sorry," said the foreman, "but the War Office have got the grant for the purpose, and the money must be spent." So all the beautiful colour-scheme of the young couple disappeared, and now the house is an eye-sore of bright reds and sickly yellows. Just because the money had to be spent!

STILL WATERS RUN DEEP.

* * *

If at the "finish" England was employing some 250,000 troops of all arms to subjugate the Boers, did not Austria employ 220,000 to conquer Bosnia and Herzegovina in 1878? Moreover, they met with very partial success, and never succeeded in "fusing" the provinces' hostile nationalities.

* * *

Why have we heard so little lately about the diving operations for the Spanish Armada ship known to have been sunk in Tobermory Bay? Swords, anchors, etc., have been brought up from time to time, but none of the fabled "pieces of eight" and gorgeous dinner-services which, according to Walsingham's despatch of the period, were aboard of the "Florencia." She was one of three ships of the ill-fated fleet that entered the Sound of Mull. Most of the others were cast away on the Irish coast, and of one that got into Tralee Bay a lurid tale is told. The starving Spaniards begged their lives of Lady Denny and offered ransom, but that ferocious Elizabethan female had them all put to the sword "because there was no safe keeping for them!"

* * *

When a woman tries to cultivate both her mind and her complexion, one or the other is sure to suffer.

TABLOID TOPICS.

If the movement for women police materialises, we are afraid that men cooks will become an urgent necessity.

* * *

Because Mr. Bonar Law has taken a house at Hartsdown it must not be inferred that his party is down-hearted.

* * *

A writer in a ladies' paper says that the well-bred girl of to-day always carries herself upright. Yes, but she is keen on following her own bent.

* * *

Herr von Löbel has started a campaign in Berlin against its "night life." Do what he will, however, the capital of Germany will always be on the Spree.

* * *

Complaint has been made of the shabbiness of the exterior of the Carlton Club. If it were a ladies' club there would have been no question of lack of paint.

* * *

The "Medical Press": "Hamlet, fat and scant of breath, should in these days be treated with paraffin." Tar and feathers is more in the line of some we have seen.

* * *

Members of the Portland Club complain that they are much disturbed by noises from the street on which the club faces. They are, nevertheless, rather pleased when they make a slam.

* * *

The Member for Woolwich has been hinting that the principals in modern boxing are not straight, and is surprised at their popularity. Crooks, however, will never be as popular in the boxing world as at Woolwich.

* * *

The *Star* declares Dr. Grace to be as deserving of a title as Sir Thomas Lipton, and adds, "there is much in common nowadays between first-class cricket and first-class tea." They certainly both require stirring up.

* * *

"By means of its splendid posters," says an art critic, "the District Railway is rendering a distinct service to modern art!" A welcome reversal of the usual custom of putting the *artist* underground before showing appreciation for his works.

* * *

A correspondent grumbles because of the long delays in fixing up boxing challenges. But he forgets that, what with journalism, posing for the camera, and writing patent medicine testimonials, the modern boxer has very little time left for boxing.

* * *

While humanity was staggered at the news of war, horror was increased by a Sunday contemporary whose very first headline, printed big, announced "The Fall of London." Reason resumed her sway when the reader tumbled to the fall. It was Mr. Jack London's descent to drinking.

Nap is coming into its own again, we are told. A mid-day stroll on the Embankment seems to confirm this.

* * *

A writer on ladies' fashions says, "The less corset the better." Of corset is only really stale ladies who wear them nowadays.

* * *

"Whenever you quarrel go upstairs where baby is, and look at him," says a Chicago divorce judge. Poor baby! Another case of the sins of the fathers, etc.

* * *

"Devine signs for Irish club," says the *Evening News*. But he won't need it, happily, now that the Nationalist and Ulster volunteers are burying the hatchet.

* * *

The Bishop of Lincoln says that people are forgetting how to read because of the picture palaces. But yet many spectators of the "movies" are under a spell.

* * *

It was stated at the British Medical Congress that the causes of headache are three-fold. Even then the headache on the morning after the night before was not included.

* * *

The Royal Warrant Holders recently brought an action against a firm for using, as a trade mark, the Prince of Wales's feathers. They evidently plume themselves on their exclusiveness.

* * *

"The church and other requisites for a Hohenzollern marriage were brought in royal motor cars," says the *Daily News*. No wonder this moving ceremony was described as "almost unprecedented."

* * *

Shorter skirts, bare legs and sandals, is the latest Paris fashion for ladies. If this kind of thing goes on, the modern woman, as regards her dress at all events, will soon be able to make both ends meet.

* * *

"Horse flies" is the heading in a contemporary which prides itself on being up-to-date. But surely this is rather behind the times, for we have a distinct recollection that Pegasus is reported to have achieved this feat some thousands of years ago.

* * *

It is curious to realise that whilst the whole of the peoples of Europe were anxiously hoping for an amicable settlement of the European situation, the news that "settlement day" had been postponed was heralded on the Stock Exchange with audible sighs of relief.

* * *

The Wesleyan Conference is much perturbed as to the legal meaning of the phrase "the first four volumes of John Wesley's sermons," and is taking counsel's opinion about it. May we suggest, with diffidence, that it means the first four volumes of John Wesley's sermons?

Ticket collector (making out ticket for festive gentleman who has lost his return half): "Three and four."
Festive gentleman: "Hic—seven."

"Why doesn't the band play during lunch now, waiter?"
"Oh, most of our customers objected to music at meals, sir. (In a stage whisper) Why, one of 'em even complained 'cause the cheese 'ummed."

IN STAGELAND.

Mr. Lewis Waller (real name Lewis), who was born at Bilbao, in Spain, about fifty-four years ago, still seems uncertain as to his theatrical plans. Is it too much to hope that we may see him ere long in Robert Hichens's "Garden of Allah," in which he has been such a tremendous success abroad? But he threatens to go on tour first. Mr. Waller's first essay in London management was at the Haymarket nineteen years ago, when he and Charles Hawtrey played together in "An Ideal Husband," revived so successfully lately at the St. James's. Mrs. Lewis Waller (née Miss Florence West) is, of course, a very popular actress, her most notable triumph having been as Miladi in "The Three Musketeers."

* * *

It is refreshing to be able to chronicle, during the prevailing craze for so-called revues of a more or less inane character, the advent and unqualified success of the "Mirthful-Musical-Mixture," presented at the Brixton Empress on Bank Holiday by Frank Rubens. "I've Seen the 'Arem" is by Arthur Branscombe, author of that highly-successful musical comedy, "Morocco Bound," and whilst congratulating Mr. Rubens on his good judgment in securing the services of the author of his latest venture, we must also congratulate Mr. Branscombe on his good fortune in securing for the presentation of his latest work such an up-to-date and lavish management. In both the mounting, costuming and casting of "I've Seen the 'Arem" the good taste and keen judgment of those responsible for the production materially aided in bringing about the unanimous verdict of approval which followed the fall of the curtain on its first performance.

Oscar Asche and Lily Brayton as a Zulu warrior and a Zulu "squaw" (that's not the right word, but it will serve) should be something of a novelty. It is to take effect, next year or earlier, in a version of Sir H. Rider Haggard's "Child of Storm," prepared by Mr. Asche himself. It won't be the first attempt at a stage setting of a Rider Haggard romance. Years ago his "Dawn" was adapted by a well-known dramatist under the title of "Devil Caresfoot," but it didn't enjoy a long run. And that touching and poignant story, "Jess," has often tempted the playwright with its four fine acting characters of Jess, Bess, John and the Dutchman. It has been found, however, that the scene of the drowning ox-waggon would demand an elaborate setting worthy at least of a Drury Lane stage.

* * *

That jovial veteran Harry Nicholls, looking quite fit after his severe illness, occupied a box at the last performance of "Grumpy" before Cyril Maude went for a holiday. There is a good story of Harry Nicholls being cast for the perfectly "straight" part of a Confederate General in the revival of "Secret Service," in which William Terriss was playing when he was murdered. On the prince of laughter-makers getting to the line, "Arrest that man!" the Adelphi audience fairly shrieked with delight. Shortly after, a friend of the comedian meeting him in the street reminded him of the incident. "Ah," said Mr. Nicholls sighing, "that was a funny business, that was."

Exasperated Punch and Judy Proprietor (to persistent organ-grinder): "Nah then, stow it with that bloomin' horchestra and give the British drarma a charnce!"

THE MAD KAISER.

It seems hardly credible that in the twentieth century one man should wield the power to enable him to plunge the whole of Europe into chaos, swamp the civilised world by oceans of blood, send the flower of many countries to death and destroy the work of civilisation—and all this in order to gratify his own mad instincts of morbid ambition and his warlike inclinations. Two men, two crowned heads, are responsible for the crisis which is at hand, which has suddenly swept over Europe; they are responsible for the crimes which are about to be committed. These two men are the old Emperor of Austria, and above all, the Emperor of Germany. I shall deal with the Emperor of Austria elsewhere—and shall confine myself here to his Majesty the Emperor William II. of Germany. The madness of the Cæsars of Imperial Rome seems to have come over the scion of the house of Hohenzollern. He no longer seems to live in civilised Europe—he no longer seems to belong to our own age, an age of peace and brotherhood, but to that of barbarism—an age worthy of the Caligulas and the Neros, who, in order to gratify their own whims, ordered wholesale butcheries and tortures of innocent men and women.

The War Lord, the Emperor William II., anxious to display the military strength of his submissive subjects, is plunging Europe into a bloody war. Does the German nation as an entity wish for war? Some say Yes—whilst others reply No. Personally I am convinced that had Germany and Russia been blessed with such a government as England, with a parliament comprised of calm, peaceful and intelligent men, in whose hands lies the power to decide momentous issues; had the ruler on the throne of Frederick II. been a man of peace like King George V. and not a war lord, Europe at this moment would not have become a valley of tears, full of weeping women and children. There is not one peaceful citizen in the whole world at this moment who does not exclaim: It is horrid, it is wicked, we do not want war. Now, if a thing is bad, or at least of no advantage to the individual separately, it cannot possibly be good to the community collectively. This is logic! And yet Europe is in arms because Europe's peace is being threatened by the Hohenzollern ruler, and Europe must defend herself. There is a vast difference—and I lay particular stress upon this point—there is a vast difference between clamouring for war, for bloodshed and savage butcheries, for destruction and devastation, eagerly and anxiously snatching up every possible pretext—nay, *creating* such pretexts for war—and the reluctant decision to ward off the blows of the enemy. That is the mistake which many men in this country are making. England does not wish for war, neither does France. Our diplomatists and our king have tried hard to bring about peace, but they failed because the Cæsar on the *Spree* had set his mind upon war. To him war is wonderful sport, it is a grand gamble, it is full of excitement. What sensations for the senses to feel that at *my* command millions are ready to march at once and slaughter, kill, burn, ravage and destroy!

The man in the street is unacquainted with psychological problems; he has heard little or nothing of pathological cases—of great crimes committed by apparently quite sane men. Only the alienist, the psychiatrist or the specialist in mental aberration is able to decide whether such men are simple criminals or poor sufferers whose minds are unhinged—and who are consequently irresponsible for the actions they are committing.

Now, if an ordinary individual is suffering from mental aberration; if his mind has lost the power of judgment, the capacity to decide between right and wrong, Society has means and ways to make him harmless. Society can defend herself, safeguard her interests. Woe, however, to Society, woe to the world, if the patient, the poor sufferer unable to distinguish between the conceptions of right and wrong, who in his instincts has become inaccessible to considerations of pity and human emotions, is a mighty ruler. For the sake of one of his impulses, of one of his ambitions, he is ready to spill oceans of blood and heap sorrow upon happy and harmless populations. Only men devoid of common-sense, stupid and ignorant of the march of civilisation and unable to realise what the present war means, can lightly say, "Oh, yes—but Germany must have a war. She must expand." "No," we say, "Europe *could* be at peace—had not the war-lord decided otherwise. The war-lord seized with a sudden fit of megalomania."

Pathologists are acquainted with such fits of megalomania among the inmates of asylums who imagine themselves to be prime-ministers, princes, kings, Messiahs and Christs. A man will even pretend to be the mother of God. And history tells of numerous cases of fits of megalomania among powerful rulers. The difference between the two cases is considerable. In the first instance the patient is locked up, whilst in the other he plunges the world into chaos and disaster. One of the greatest factors fostering such a fit of megalomania is the intoxication of power. It was the intoxication of power which made the Roman Cæsars what they were, which prompted them to commit the crimes which posterity reads with horror and loathing. And it was also the intoxication of power which made other absolute rulers in history wage unjustified wars to the horror of peaceful populations. This folly or insanity of power has been styled by specialists Cæsarean insanity, *Cæsarwahnsinn*, or *Césarite*. The symptoms of this disease are the exaltation of the instincts of personality, the development of pride and vanity at the expense of altruistic feelings, and above all a craving for new sensations.

In order to understand the psychology of the War Lord of Germany we have only to cast a glance at the history of the Roman Cæsars, and the acts they committed. One day the Emperor Caligula was seized by a craving for military glory; but Rome was at peace with her barbarian neighbours. Such trifles, however, did not trouble Cæsar. He led his army to the banks of the Rhine, ordered some of his soldiers, whom he had disguised as Germans, to cross the river, and massacred them. After this farce he returned to Rome, distributed rewards among the warriors, and rebuked the Roman people who thought of nought but games and sports, whilst he, the Cæsar, was courting dangers and fatigues, defending the Roman homes and altars!

His self-estimation degenerated into megalomania. He imagined himself a paragon of wisdom, prudence,

dignity and justice; he stood above all other men; he was a super-man, nay, in his morbid fancy he imagined himself a god.

Cannot this description of the Roman Emperor be quite fitly applied to the Cæsar of modern Germany? Few people will be able to imagine vividly the sensations of an individual, feeling that he possesses an unlimited power over millions, and that he is ruling, or is about to rule, the whole world. He grows "dizzy on the summit of the restless pyramid of his power." Fewer people still will be able to realise the sensations of such an individual, thirsting for endless power and glory, who sitting in his own palace with the map of Europe before him, knows that he has only to launch millions over peaceful populations to win that power. To win—perchance to lose! Ah! but that is exactly what gives piquancy to the exciting gamble. For the attitude of the Cæsar of Germany, the attitude which he has displayed in the last few days, and still continues to display, is the attitude and the psychology of a gambler.

Lombroso has already pointed out somewhere, when discussing the psychology of the German Emperor, that he showed those traits in his character which are the symptoms of patients doomed to commit great crimes or acts of madness—and is it not common knowledge that William II. has suffered for years from a curious disease in his ear, which must sooner or later—by its action upon the brain—result in either death or madness. This fit of madness, of Cæsarian insanity, has evidently come now over the scion of the Hohenzollerns, scattering ultimatums broadcast, and turning Europe into a valley of tears. Will Providence, will the God of the orphan and the widow, the God to whom the Emperor of Germany told his subjects to pray—oh, irony!—to help and assist him in the crimes he is about to commit; will that God allow this fit of madness to be instrumental in plunging Europe into endless suffering, or will this merciful Providence not stay, in time, the hand of the Cæsar by bringing him back to reason. Let us hope that the tears which have been, and are being, shed all over Europe will not have been shed in vain.

A.S.R.

WAR CORRESPONDENTS.

War correspondents leaving for "the front" are a very changed band nowadays. "Charley" Hands is in Ulster, Bennet Burleigh is lately dead, E. F. Knight is a veteran of many wars and several wounds, and others have "gone out of the business." In the crypt of St. Paul's you may see a tablet (unveiled by Lord Wolseley) to the memory of no less than seven journalists who fell in the Soudan in 1884-5, including Frank Power of the *Times*, Donovan of the *Daily News*, Cameron of the *Standard*, and St. Leger Herbert of the *Morning Post*. The fact is, that in future campaigns the "special" is in danger of becoming a mere war-reporter, thanks to red tape at headquarters.

* * *

The looking-glass that tells a woman that she is ugly is always cracked.

* * *

The man who makes a mountain out of a mole-hill will make nothing more.

* * *

A man has to put his pride in his pocket when he has nothing else to put there.

WIT AND WISDOM.

Luck is the twin brother of pluck.

* * *

Woman should be a kind of pianola—harmonious even to the amateur.

* * *

The loftiest literary aim often leads no higher than the attic.

* * *

If women were unable to forgive, what else would there be left for them to do?

* * *

Insolence is the most cherished weapon of the vanquished.

* * *

The quality we most admire in others is admiration for ourselves.

* * *

Even the meanest people will sometimes give themselves away.

* * *

The most beautiful woman can be spoilt by her clothes, just as the most priceless gem can be marred by its setting.

* * *

A woman's mind certainly ought to be cleaner than a man's. It is changed so often.

* * *

The girl who thinks herself too good for a man may very possibly be right. But she's more often left.

Longshanks: "Oh! Mademoiselle, you don't mean to say you've been in and not waited for me to give you a swimming lesson to-day?"

Fifi: "Mais oui! It is; how you say it? Ze early bird has missed ze worm!"

WAR WHISPERS.

[With acknowledgments to the *Evening News* columns entitled "War News in a Line."]

The political situation on the Continent looks very serious.

* * *

Twelve choir boys at Dorchester sang "Rule Britannia!" last night with much feeling.

* * *

Eggs have gone up, but there is some hope that they will come down again.

* * *

The members of the Carlton Club have decided to give up eating asparagus, truffles and ice-cream during the war, and will only smoke between meals.

* * *

The Kaiser is a warlike man. He wears a fierce moustache.

* * *

Yams have risen to the unprecedented price of 75 yens in China.

* * *

The French in Alsace-Lorraine are already showing signs of excitement.

* * *

England has declared war on Germany.

* * *

A German waiter about to leave London shook hands with a French waiter and in an emotional voice said, "I'll wait for thee." The Frenchman also shook hands with the German waiter. The German seemed very much moved, and so did the Frenchman. They both shook hands.

* * *

The national beverage is not expected to go up, but will probably continue to go down. Tea, however, will go up.

* * *

At the conclusion of the performance at the "Palace" last night the orchestra played "God save the King." People stood up and removed their hats. One man removed another man's watch. He was reproved by the police.

* * *

Buy the "Daily Tale's" war-map, price 6d.; in cloth covers, 2s. 6d. It is a map about the war and shows, among others, some places (rivers, mountains and all other physical features) which are connected with the trouble across the Channel.

* * *

The people of St. Petersburg are indulging in patriotic demonstrations.

* * *

The military authorities have taken possession of the famous Oval. This has caused great indignation among all lovers of the noble game of cricket. It is calculated that it will take two years before the pitch will be brought back to a pitch of perfection.

We have it on the highest authority that the Germans are sending out an expeditionary landing force to the South Pole. They will probably meet with a warm reception.

* * *

The Germans beat the French in 1870. They are now fighting the French again.

* * *

The "Daily Tale's" war-map is printed on the best paper. The finest colours procurable have been used for this purpose. Buy it!

* * *

Eggs have come down, but Servia has thrown off the yoke.

* * *

The Germans do not speak the same language as ourselves. They speak German. They are a funny race.

* * *

Mr. Borringe, a well-known local personage of Slapton-on-Marsh, has provided the 15 labourers on his estate with Boy Scout uniforms. It is believed that the Government will provide the poles.

* * *

The French cooks at the House of Commons have all been called to the colours. Real French meals will now be served in the dining-rooms.

* * *

It is feared that owing to the disgusting action of the Germans there will be a scarcity of Turkish Delight in this country for some months. This belief has caused great indignation against the Kaiser among the principal manufacturers of this toothsome morsel in Whitechapel.

* * *

The Russians call the Czar "Our Little Father." He is not really their father.

M. LEWIS.

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Stock Exchange Operations thoroughly explained, also Call Options. How to open an account with limited risk. How to avoid Broker's Commissions. Contains Highest and Lowest Sales for last 15 years. Gratis from Publishers.
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SPORT AND THE WAR.

How can we write of sport? What are our Carpentiers, Gunboats, Bombardiers, Hobbses, Applegarths, footballers, but possible units in the greatest of all sports, the grim game of war. We are treading the edges of the gravest period that has ever befallen Europe, and sportsmen will be among the first to put their backs to the wall for England.

The Oval is a military base, it is Crown property, as part of the Duchy of Lancaster, and it is wanted for military purposes. Well, it is the better for that, and through the mists which time will eventually weave between us and the events of the great catastrophe of 1914, we shall hold the Oval more dear perhaps. At any rate, it will give the ground a dignity that centuries of cricket could not confer.

The athletes of the nation—the tens of thousands of young men who are playing cricket and football, taking part in athletics, cycling and the hundred and one sports of the country—must be considered at this juncture the very flower of our manhood. To them all Englishmen look to do their best to uphold the traditions and honour of the country.

Tens of thousands of them have already joined the columns in their Territorial regiments, and now that the call for men has gone up thousands more can be expected to enrol themselves for service. In the Boer War athletes played a very big part, and many whose names were household words in English sport lie out in the veldt. It may be that in the present case we shall lose some of the best and brightest of our athletes, but war is the greatest of all sports. Grim and terrible, it is the reality. The game is but the make believe, and a sporting training must be the best schooling for the discipline of active service.

Games will go on for the most part through the dreadful period. It is well that they should, for they will relieve the tension. Cricket will be played, and football will come in on September 1st. It is to be hoped that by that time we shall have broken the back of the trouble. It is not anticipated that this war will be a long one. It promises to be a ghastly and terrible affair, but the money will not allow it to continue indefinitely.

Golf will be a great relief to thousands of overstrung men and women all over the country.

Among prominent county cricketers who have already been called up are P. F. Warner, the Middlesex captain, A. W. Carr, the Notts captain, and N. J. Foster, of Worcestershire. J. C. Chapman, of Derby, and A. H. Hornby, the Lancashire captain, are also engaged in remount duties.

Aviators, motor-cyclists and motorists have offered their services to the Government, and on all hands there are indications that the response of all sportsmen to the appeal will be as free-hearted and generously patriotic as at any previous time in the history of the country.

THE CHIEL AMANG YE.

"I no longer recognise any partners," said the Kaiser according to the *Evening News*. Well, he does seem to think he can lick creation "on his own."

* * *

"Bankers here (New York) have decided to send 3,500,000 dollars (£70,000) in gold to Europe to aid Americans there" (*Pall Mall Gazette*). But why this terrific slump in the exchange value of American currency?

* * *

The new "lampshade garter" sounds rather hot stuff.

FINANCE & ASSURANCE.

Owing to the disorganisation of the financial world, and the closure of the Stock Exchange, our Finance and Assurance column is suspended until further notice.

CORRESPONDENTS' BUREAU.

All answers to correspondents are held over until next week.

We are told that mixed bathing is dealing the death-blow to matrimony. Personally we are of the opinion that it will require a far more drastic remedy.

* * *

We understand that a syndicate of London doctors are on the lookout for a suitable island upon which to establish an asylum for incurable lunatics. May we recommend the Scilly Isles?

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THE TWO LOVE LETTERS.

Monica Chyne rested one elbow upon the polished surface of her writing desk and gazed meditatively away into space. Before her the long French windows opened out on to a rose garden filled with sunshine and rich colourings; the scent of the flowers stole fragrantly in to her; an occasional zephyr stirred the folds of the curtains or lifted a strand of bright hair from a perplexed and slightly puckered forehead. Sometimes the blue eyes beneath wandered impatiently, but always with an expression of earnest cogitation in their lucid depths.

Suddenly she sighed, regarded the blotting-pad before her—on which lay a litter of mauve-tinted notepaper bearing eloquent testimony to numerous unsatisfactory attempts at letter-writing—with a look of desperation, selected yet another sheet, dipped her pen resolutely into the ink and, pursing up her pretty mouth into lines of dogged determination, wrote: "My own dearest Jack" for the fifteenth time.

A pause followed, during which she traced an unhealthy-looking marguerite on the edge of the leather pad and nibbled the end of her pen with white, even teeth. Ideas were certainly at a premium upon this particular June afternoon. Presently, however, the letter was continued and even assumed the dimensions of two whole sheets covered closely with small, dainty hand-writing. When it was at length finished she laid aside her pen with a gesture of pleasurable relief and re-read it with a scrutiny that lacked nothing in the way of conscientious criticism.

Evidently it met with her approval, for the frown faded gradually from between her brows, while the lines of her mouth relaxed into a smile of pardonable self-indulgence. By the time she reached the signature with its elegant and artistic little flourish, there was an expression in her eyes that might almost have been described as one of anticipatory triumph.

Folding the letter carefully, she placed it in an envelope and laid it upon the desk before her. Then drawing another sheet towards her, she dipped her pen once more into the ink.

This time she wrote "My dearest Hal," and there was no after-pause for inspiration. With surprising swiftness her pen flew over the surface of the paper until it came to the foot of the last sheet, on which there was barely room to squeeze her name and none whatever for the flourish. This time she did not stop to re-read what she had written, but tucked it at once into its envelope. Then she addressed each letter in turn, picked up a large sun hat from a chair and stepped out through the French windows into the garden. . . .

The sun was just setting when, on the following evening, Monica Chyne walked slowly down the gravel path in the direction of the little white gate that opened on to the long, chalky road beyond.

When she reached the gate she leant gracefully upon it to look over into the road, and seemed disappointed to find it deserted. She waited five minutes—ten—twenty—until the last flush of sunset had faded and it was beginning to grow dark. Still no one came. At length she was about to turn despondently away when a solitary masculine figure made its appearance in the distance and began a tedious approach along the dusty road.

For a few moments the girl's eyes grew bright with renewed hope and a deep, warm colour sprang into her cheeks; then, as she recognised the slow, ambling gait of the village postman, the flush died quickly away, leaving her strangely pale in the dim twilight. A sudden mist of tears welled up into her eyes in spite of herself.

There was only one letter for The Cedars, and it was addressed to Monica in a handwriting which, at the first glance, set her pulses bounding with eager expectancy.

Running back to the house she entered the library through the French windows, switched on the electric light and tore open the envelope with eager, trembling fingers. As she did so another letter fell out on to the floor from between a folded sheet of notepaper. Mechanically she stooped to pick it up, turned it idly in her hand, then stood transfixed by the sudden thrill of a horrified discovery. The letter was addressed to H. Morrisón, Esq., and began: "My own dearest Jack."

Evidently she had mixed up the two letters and sent each to the wrong address!

For some moments she was too overcome by surprise to pay any attention to the note which had accompanied the one returned to her. Then she read it through, and with a sense of crushing disaster realised the full importance of her error.

"My dear Miss Chyne,—

"Since there has plainly been some mistake in the direction of your correspondence, I take the earliest opportunity of returning to you the enclosed letter, which reached me this morning. I need scarcely say how surprised I was to receive it and to learn, for the first time, of the existence of so highly favoured a rival in your affections. Please receive at once my most sincere congratulations and permit me to sign myself,

Yours most sincerely,

Harold Morrison.'

For fully ten minutes Monica stared helplessly at the sheet of paper in her hands. Then she collapsed upon a convenient chair and began to cry. She wept hard for a long while, then stopped as abruptly as she had begun. Sitting bolt upright, she stifled a quivering sob, pushed the tumbled hair impatiently from her tear-drenched cheeks, hastily dried her eyes upon a square inch of cambric handkerchief and—began to laugh. The humour of the situation had suddenly appealed to her. She laughed until she was obliged to stuff the corner of a silk cushion into her mouth to prevent herself having hysterics.

* * *

Three weeks later Monica was seated in solitary meditation upon the grassy bank of a stream that wound its picturesque way through a miniature valley about two miles from The Cedars. She was leaning against a willow tree, the pendulous branches of which hung far over into the water, and in her eyes was mirrored an expression of

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dreamy wistfulness that had in it something of sadness.

A magazine, in which she had placed a long blade of grass for a marker, lay open upon her lap, but she had not been reading for some time.

Suddenly the sound of a step upon the gravel path close by caused her to glance swiftly upwards. The next instant she uttered an involuntary cry of surprise as her eyes met those of the man of whom she had been thinking.

There was a short, embarrassed pause, which the man was the first to break.

"Good afternoon, Miss Chyne."

He came a step nearer and raised his cap.

She murmured some conventional reply and hoped that he would not notice the burning of her cheeks.

"I—I should hardly have expected to find you alone on such a glorious afternoon."

Her cheeks flamed more furiously than ever, but this time with anger.

"Why not?" she retorted.

An upward flash of the blue eyes caused him to feel suddenly very miserable, very desperate, and very much in love.

"Well, I suppose one may be expected to draw conclusions—under the circumstances," he replied rather lamely.

"Of course, you're—you're referring to the letter I sent you in mistake," she said, springing to her feet and facing him squarely.

He felt disconcerted, while something in the girl's flashing eyes puzzled him.

Then, all at once, she began to laugh, and went on laughing until the tears frilled her long lashes, and fell down over her rose-pink cheeks with bewitching effect.

"Oh, you great big silly!" she managed at length to gasp between spasmodic fits of uncontrollable merriment. "Don't you understand? Jack isn't a real person at all, and the letter wasn't meant for anyone in particular. I wrote it for a love-letter competition in the "Dainty Magazine," but yours got sent up instead and—and *it's won the prize!* Look! Here it is in print." She picked up the magazine that lay on the grass at her feet and placed it open in the man's hands.

He gazed at it for a few seconds in bewildered astonishment, then glanced down at her face, an expression of strange happiness in his eyes.

"So—so there isn't anyone else after all, and —and it was all a mistake?" he asked, moving nearer to her side and slipping one arm round her waist.

"Of course there's no one else. How could there be?" she whispered back as he bent his head and kissed her lips.

Quite five minutes went by before they were again able to talk sensibly. Then Monica said, as her eyes fell on the pale blue cover of the "Dainty Magazine" now lying discarded on the bank:

"The prize was offered for the most *convincing* love-letter competition in the 'Dainty Magazine,' that the other wouldn't have stood a ghost of a chance. I guess one has to be really in love to be convincing. Don't you?"

Then he kissed her again.

GLADYS EVELYNE.

RACING.

By "OBSERVER."

At the time of writing racing is in full swing, but the prospects of the sport being continued for any length of time without a hitch are rather remote. In a very short period it will be found impossible to convey horses to many of the meetings, which in any case would be scantily patronised owing to the lack of ready money on the course.

No meeting has yet been abandoned, but little heavy wagering has taken place during the last few days, and it is the financial side of the game that so deeply interests the vast racing multitude.

In any case, the sport will receive only a temporary set-back, and the thousands who are directly or indirectly dependent on racing for a livelihood will be glad to know that racing was carried on during the Crimean War, and also, of course, during the more recent South African War, though in the latter instance the dearth of officers caused the Grand Military Meeting at Sandown Park to be abandoned. But that meeting was, of course, in the steeplechasing season, when racing is of less importance than it is now.

The two chief troubles just now are the transportation of horses, and the lack of money on the course, for, as everyone knows, the sport quickly loses interest when it is impossible to continue the financial side of it.

Various railway companies have already stated that they cannot guarantee train services, and in certain instances the Government have taken over the whole stock of horse-boxes.

The fact that England is at war, and likely to remain so for some time, will naturally have its effect on the annual blood-stock sales which are due at Doncaster next month. Breeders who have entered yearlings for sale, are naturally becoming apprehensive. Indeed, the loss they are likely to sustain through the present situation will be a very large one, for during the last few years blood-stock at these sales have on an average realised huge sums.

By the way, to show the obstacles trainers will have to overcome in getting their horses to the meetings, I may mention that it was only at the last moment that John Nightingale, the Epsom trainer, was able to get Adrianople, the winner of the Alfriston Plate at Brighton, to the course. Adrianople was sent to the Epsom station early in the morning to embark for Brighton, but the railway company said they could not get any horse-boxes to the watering-place, and it was only after the horse had returned home that a telephone message was received by Nightingale, stating that the railway company could manage half-a-dozen boxes by a later train.

In the ordinary way this week's racing would have been an extremely busy one, as half-a-dozen meetings are down for decision. The full card is as follows:—Nottingham and Folkestone, Monday and Tuesday; Redcar and Kempton, Wednesday and Thursday; and Windsor and Ayr, Friday and Saturday.

Personally I do not think that those fixtures in the near vicinity of town are likely to be greatly affected by the conditions prevalent, but those on the lines required for the quick transport of troops are likely to suffer badly, as only in isolated cases are horses conveyed to meetings in motor vans.

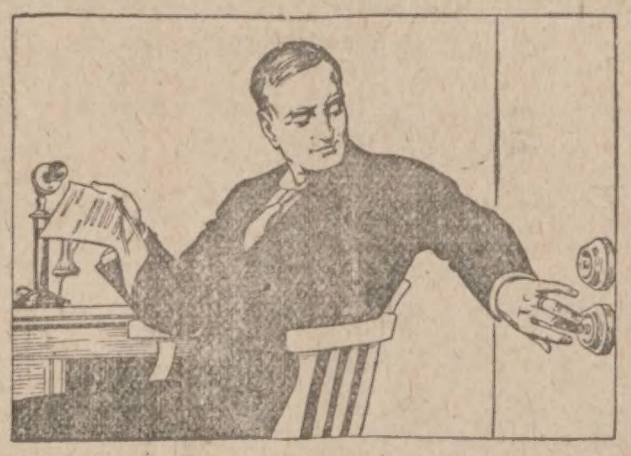
At Nottingham on Monday The Forest should win the Nottinghamshire Handicap, and Blackcap the Bentinck Plate. On the second day Man of War may win the Bestwood Handicap.

The Coatham Handicap at Redcar on Wednesday could be won by Caledonian, and the Redcar Handicap on the second day by Solprufe.

Draughtsman may secure the Welter Handicap on the opening day at Kempton Park.

On Friday, at Windsor, Wavestar should take the Castle Handicap, and on the concluding day Castellan, who ran so well in the Stewards' Cup, may win the Flying Handicap.

DO YOU RING



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OURSELVES AND OTHER PEOPLE.

"Smalley is an absent-minded fellow," said Smurke. "When he was engaged to Miss Green he asked her to go to the opera with him one night, and only bought one seat. He explained it to her by saying he was so used to occupying a single chair with her that he didn't think."

* * *

Binks: "Did Maude tell you the truth when you asked her her age?"
Jinks: "Yes."
Binks: "What did she say?"
Jinks: "That it was none of my business."

* * *

Mrs. Jorum: You know my sister who was on the stage?
Mr. Jorum: Why, of course I do.
Mrs. Jorum: Well, she's given up the stage. She's married now.
Mr. Jorum: Oh, she's got a speaking part at last, has she?

* * *

Beck (despondently): I said something that my wife didn't like, and she hasn't spoken to me for two days.
Peck (eagerly): Can you remember what it was you said?

* * *

"And what seems to you," the reporter asked, "to be the object of most interest in this country?"
"Well," replied the foreign notable, who was endeavouring to travel incog., "*I* seem to be."

PRIDE.

Mrs. Mangles: "Just look at them there Mullinses a-stickin' on dorg wiv their noo greengrocery cart."
Muffins: "Yes, an' to 'ear them tork about the people wot they run over jest as if it was a motor-car!"—*Sydney Bulletin.*

"So you go in for verse-making, Doctor?"
"Well, yes. Just to kill time you know."
"Oh. Then you haven't any patients now."
—*Pages Folles.*

BEFORE THE FALL.

Parson Black (sternly): Did you come by dat watch-melyun honestly, Bruddeh Bingy?
The Melon Toter: 'Deed I did, pahson; ebry dat fo' nigh on two weeks!—*Puck.*

* * *

APROPOS.

[Apropos of the present scanty apparel of the weaker sex, so-called, with apologies to Rudyard Kipling, and most sincere apologies to the shade of Gungha Din.]

The party frock she wore
Was nothing much before
And a little less than half of that behind;
For a bit of filmy lace
And some powder for her face
Was all the dance equipment she could find.
—*Judge.*

* * *

HER POINT OF VIEW.

Rich Papa: You foolish girl, that English nobleman who's courting you really doesn't look on you as his equal.
Wilful Heiress: I don't care for that, papa, so long as he's my peer.—*Boston Transcript.*

* * *

STELLA.

Oh, Stella's gown is full of chinks—
One sees right through!
Indeed she is a bare-faced minx—
And bare-backed too!
—*Puck*

* * *

"Glenriddel Burns MSS."—a *Times* headline. Some poor, disgusted author, we presume.

THE OUTER MAN.

By CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

The daily papers—always an authority on what not to wear—have just discovered that all manner of weird and awesome bowler hats are coming into fashion. We, all of us, welcome the advent of colour into men's clothing, but colour is a thing which is apt to run wild in the hands of some manufacturers. Perhaps the ordinary billycock is a trifle sombre, but it is a most useful article and extraordinarily versatile. What are termed white bowlers look very well at race meetings and such like gatherings, but cannot be worn indiscriminately. It is no doubt for this reason that we are told that the rainbow's every hue is to be pressed into service for what the outfitter calls "hard felts." Personally I do not think that coloured bowlers will ever be fashionable, and should they appear in shop windows I would advise my readers to look at them—and that's all.

* * *

But even worse is apparently to come in the shape of an Austrian velours bowler. Soft plush hats have enjoyed a comparatively short popularity, and they are not likely to boast of even that if tney are to appear in stiff shapes. They, of course, are excellent for the windy autumn when they cling to one's head better than anything else. They are very light and can be sat upon or folded into a small compass for travelling. But if they are to be manufactured on the same principle as a bowler all these advantages will disappear. Besides, we Englishmen are a patriotic sort of people and—well, Austrian plush isn't made in England! Altogether this novelty is going to have a still-born existence—if that is any existence at all.

* * *

I hear that the outfitters expect that the white shirt will return into favour for business wear. And very jubilant they are about it! White shirts have, from the shopman's point of view, many advantages over the coloured "tunics" which everyone seems to be wearing now. For one thing they do not last as long, for the stiff fronts and the stiff cuffs—with the assistance of our deplorable laundries—very easily fray. Then, again, it is necessary for a man to wear three white shirts a week, whereas most manage excellently on two of the coloured variety during that period. For morning-coats white shirts are well nigh essential, and nothing else looks so well. That is probably one of the reasons why the black lounge coat is so largely worn in the City, as with it a coloured shirt is quite permissible. Coloured shirts are nowadays procurable in such excellent, well-designed materials that they will not easily be ousted. Besides, stiff fronts are never very comfortable, and in summer when one does not wear a vest they seem to scrape all the skin off your chest!

* * *

There is one other threatened introduction of which I should like to write. This is the American straw hat which is being displayed in the windows of one or two London shops. It is more or less normal in appearance, with the exception that its crown is about three times as high as the English "boater." The effect, to my mind, is hideous. American innovations are always to be discouraged, and generally only arrive here after they have failed to "catch on" in the land of the Stars and Stripes. This is the case, of course, with the American boots. The better type of American never wears his boots with ghastly unnatural bumps on the toe-cap. But when the aforesaid abominations arrive here they are surrounded with all the glamour which is apparently associated with those productions on which Uncle Sam looks with a friendly eye.

The colour of the new bowler is to be slate. But we have had slate-coloured tiles on our roof for ages.

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